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T. R. WALTON, Jr., Business Manager.

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DRAWS

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# THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOLUME VI.—NUMBER 13.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, MAY 25, 1877.

WHOLE NUMBER 272.

*"Only Waiting."*

A very good man in an otherwise has asked what he was waiting for? He replied, "Only waiting."

Only waiting till the shades  
Are a little longer grown;  
Only waiting till the glimmer  
Of the day's last beams are gone;  
Till the shadows of night fall over  
From the heart over full of day;  
Till the weariness overcomes me;  
Through the twilight soft and grey.

Only waiting till the shades  
Have the last sheath gathered round;  
For the sun is down, and the shades,  
And the autumn's mists have come;  
Sighly, repose; gather quickly.

The last ripe hours of my heart,  
For the bloom of life has withered,  
Only waiting till the shades  
Open wide the mystic gate—  
At whose feet I long have lingered,

Weary, poor, and desolate;  
Even now here lies thy bower,  
At thy name's lowly threshold,  
In thy quiet room, where thy spirit  
Only waiting to go.

Only waiting till the shades  
Are a little longer grown;  
Only waiting till the glimmer  
Of the day's last beams are gone;

Holy, deathless ones shall rise,  
By whose light my soul shall gladly  
Find its pathway to the skies.

*A Mother's Heart.*

A little sleeping, such as mother loves,  
A little singing, such as mother sings,  
A little weeping, such as mother weeps,  
Sister's birth and brother's birth—  
And that is all.

A little sleeping to her aching breast,  
A little weeping over her aching heart,  
A hand laid on her head, Then comes  
Tears, then comes sleep, Then comes rest,  
And that is all.

A little spirit quivering through the night,  
A little house a lonely, dark and chill,  
A fond heart, groping blindly to the light,  
A little snow, but green beneath the little hill—  
And that is all.

A little spirit clinging to the earth,  
A little house a lonely, dark and chill,  
A fond heart, groping blindly to the light,  
A little snow, but green beneath the little hill—  
And that is all.

A gentle heart

A gentle word is never lost,  
It never loses its meaning,  
It never fails to bring back the lost.  
A gentle heart is always kind,  
A gentle heart is always kind.

*FOR GOOD*

For the last time.

There is a touch of pathos about doing even the simplest thing "for the last time." It is not alone kissing the dead that gives you this strange pain. You feel it when you lay your last hand upon some scene you have loved—when you stand in some quiet city street, where you know that you will never stand again. The actor playing his part for the last time, the singer whose voice is cracked hopeless, and who after this once will never stand before the sea of upturned faces depicting the agonies, with falter voices and fainting fits, of a character who has breached his last sermon—these all know the hidden bitterness of the two words "never again." How they come to us on our birthdays as we grow older. Never again young—always nearer and nearer to the very last—the end which is universal, "the last thing" which shall follow all last things. And the last thing is death, from pain to joys. We put away our boyish toys with an old headache. We were too old to walk any longer on our stilts—or tall, tottering on the sidewalk. Yet there was a pang when we thought we had played with our merry thoughts for the last time, and life's serious, grown-up work was waiting for us. Men do not want the last toy back. There do other and larger playthings for us. May it not be that these, too, shall seem, in the light of some far off day, as the boyish games seem to our memory, and we shall learn the death—but the opening of the gate into the new land of promise?

George Edward Murray and Miss Honahan, boarders in the Berkley House, Oakland, Cal., became engaged to be married. Then they quarreled, and he released her. She accepted another lover, out of pocket, and a wedding day was hastily chosen. On the appointed morning, as she was dressing for the ceremony, Murray was carried dazingly the hotel, having been injured by a fall, as evident. The San Francisco Chronicle finishes the narrative as follows: "She rushed to the bedside of the dying man, and with eyes streaming with tears and voice trembling with emotion, brushed aside physicians and attendants, and clapping her arms about the neck of her former sweetheart, pressed his pale lips to her own and kissed him repeatedly, all the while calling him by name in terms the most tender and pathetic. A faint smile of recognition beamed over the face of the wounded man, and the lovers parted forever, to finish perishing for the altar, and he hurried for a few hours before passing over the river of death."

Y. C. GROW

*The Morgan Mystery—Was William Morgan Killed For Revealing the Secrets of Masonry?*

William Morgan was born in Virginia in 1776. He was a stone-mason by trade, but afterward became a humorist and, some time about 1812, he was one of Lanfitt's practical jokers in Louisiana and the Gulf of Mexico. He afterward lived in Virginia and New York.

There is no evidence whatever that he was ever made a Mason. At Rochester, New York, he craftily persuaded himself into the Chapter there, and seems to have been received for one who writes ten thousand miles away from the scenes of the history, and distance in this instance does not appear to have lent an impartiality or enchantment. —[Corner Stone.]

both, frame one for himself. Probably the Morgan mystery will never be cleared up. Certainly interest in it in the United States among the anti-Masons, as well as the brethren! It was a "good-enough" Morgan" before the election—it gave a class of political tricksters a pretense for elevating themselves into power for a time, but their rule was of a short duration, and will never be repeated. There is no home American historian who has the assurance to gravely charge upon Free-masonry the murder of Morgan; but *thorough and profound* research seems to have been reserved for one who writes ten thousand miles away from the scenes of the history, and distance in this instance does not appear to have lent an impartiality or enchantment. —[Corner Stone.]

*Custer Water.*

In our climate, where rain is abundant during a considerable portion of the year, the water falling upon the roof of any house, if properly collected and stored, is ample for the whole supply of the family which that roof shelters. This water as it falls is impure from any impurity that may be ever lawfully received. He was thus a purified man throughout a life of poverty, and the Preston who used to dread the approach of issue day, uttered a prayer of thanksgiving as the new press rolls of our edition with dispatch and excellence. Should any of our friends desire to see it at work, we will be glad to have them call. We would like to remark, too, that our Washington No. 6 Hand Press, as good as new, is for sale cheap, and on easy terms, and that we would be glad to correspond with any one desiring such a machine.



The above is an electrolyte of the new Cylinder Press which we recently set up in our office. The old hand-press, that has done its duty so well, is now laid aside, and the Preston who used to dread the approach of issue day, uttered a prayer of thanksgiving as the new press rolls of our edition with dispatch and excellence. Should any of our friends desire to see it at work, we will be glad to have them call. We would like to remark, too, that our Washington No. 6 Hand Press, as good as new, is for sale cheap, and on easy terms, and that we would be glad to correspond with any one desiring such a machine.

*The Loss of a Wife.*

In comparison with the loss of a wife, other bereavements are trifling. The wife she who fills so large a space in the domestic bower, she who busied herself so unceasingly for the precious ones around her; bitter is the tear which falls on her cold clay. You stand beside her coffin and think of the past. It seems an amber-colored pathway, where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, or the stars glinting overhead. Pain would the soul linger there. No theme are remembered save those your hands have unwillingly planted. Her noble, tender heart lies open to your inspection. You think of her now as all gentleness, all purity, all beauty. But she is dead. The head laid upon a pillow of clay. The hands that have ministered so unfuriously are folded beneath the gloomy portal. The heart whose every beat measured an eternity of love lies near your feet. The flowers the bent over with smiles, bend now over her with tears, shaking the dew from their petals, that the verdure around her may be kept green and beautiful. There is no white arm over your shoulder, no speaking face to look up into the eye of love, no trembling lip to murmur, "Oh, it is so sad!" There is no strange a hush in every room; no light footsteps passing around; no smile to greet you at nightfall. And the old clock ticks and strikes—it was such music when she could hear it. Now it seems to knock on the hours through which you watched the shadow of death gathering on her sweet face. And every day the clock repeats that old story. Many another tale it tells, too—of beautiful words and deeds, of their constancy to the comfort of thousands who freely expend money for an anodyne to promote "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

*One of the Vines.*

One of the great evils of the day and generation is the love of personalities. Instead of discussing questions, we discuss people; instead of elevating principles, we elevate heroes; and instead of condemning measures, we condemn men. We are in danger of becoming a race of gossipers. Our curiosity concerning everybody's affairs, especially if they would hide them, is always feverishly on the alert. Bits of news are vital to us, and we revel in scandal. In our offices run a "tum" into the ground; in our newspapers, the personal items are those most in demand. We require a new excitement every morning in the newspapers, and experience a sense of stagnation if publication is not raised to the level of the alert. In order to keep their heads above water, newspapers have to pander to this vapid public taste. This is the fault of the people, and we hope they will not themselves work to rectify it.

*To Determine the Weight of Cotton.*

Measure in inches the girth around the breast, just behind the shoulder blade. Multiply the length of the girth (in inches) and divide by 144. If the girth is less than three feet, multiply the quotient by 11; if between three and five feet multiply by 7; if between five and seven feet multiply by 23; if between seven and nine feet, multiply by 31. If the animal is lean, deduct one-twentieth from the result. Another rule is, take the girth and length in feet, and multiply the product by 336, and the result will be the answer in pounds. The live weight multiplied by 605 gives a near approximation to the weight.

An editor's office is in his workshop, and his papers and books constitute part of his tools with which he labors, and with which no one uninvited is to interfere. The man who forgets this, in visiting his editorial friends, is not only a bore, but is also a source of special and very great annoyance. Editors like to have their friends call—nothing gives them more pleasure—but it is one thing to make a friendly visit and quite another to poke about among documents that should not be disturbed, and to distract which is, in fact, a real impertinence.

Some days ago a fiend in human shape dislodged from the service of the negro, who had been captured by a party of men, was recently punished in a novel manner. They killed the now, revenged the viceroy, placed the negro inside, with only his head out, and then sewed him securely with a rope. He remained there four days, and was taken out almost dead, having had a difficult task in preventing the buzzards from picking out his eyes. —[N. Y. Post.]

Physicians recommend Dr. Hull's Cough Syrup when all other medicines fail, as a certain cure of Bronchitis, Sore Throat, and Coughs or Cold of long standing. For sale by all Drug-gists.

The astute reader may take his

*The Loneliness of an Invalid's Life.*

Few are they, who, in the activities of robust life, pause to think of the loneliness of the helpless invalid—or the isolated bondage of weakness. To a young woman who is cut off from all youthful amusements and pursuits, who is restrained from love, who, within four walls, is bound to her couch by chains as cruel as if they were made of steel, whose hands are forbidden any response to the busy motions of her mind, there come hours when even sympathy wears of its ministry, and mere humanity attendance must seek relief from its bonds. She must be left alone, her hands folded in patient waiting. Remembrance, idle dreaming, aspiration, regret, tears—these come in pathetic routine to fill the heavy hours when society departs. Great silent harassments are wrought out in intervals like these, more wretched than the common imagination can conceive, or great moral disasters are suffered, from which there is no recovery.

In one direction or the other—to ward cheerful, self-sufficient, buoyant fortitude; or toward fretfulness, impatience, discontent and weak complaining—the invalid always gravitates. Wine, long shut from the sunlight, ripens into vinegar. The alternative is mainly fixed by the amount of sunlight it had the privilege of absorbing when it hung in clusters upon the vine. —[Scribner's Monthly.]

*How to get More.*

How to get sleep is to some persons a matter of high importance. Nervous persons who are troubled with wakefulness and excitability usually have a strong tendency of blood to the brain, with cold extremities. The pressure of blood to the brain keeps it in a stimulated or wakeful state, and the pulsations in the heart are often painful. Let such rise and chase the body or extremities with a brush or towel, or rub smartly with the hands to promote circulation and withdraw the excessive amount of blood from the brain, and they will fall asleep in a few moments. A cold bath, or a sponge bath and rubbing, or a good run, or a rapid walk in the open air, or going up and down stairs a few times just before retiring, will aid in equilibrating circulation and promoting sleep. These rules are simple and easy of application, and may usher the invalid to the comfort of thousands who freely expend money for an anodyne to promote "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

The recent report of the president and officers of the Lake shore and Michigan Southern railroad contains the first authoritative statement regarding the Ashtabula disaster of last December. The report places the number of persons on the train at one hundred and fifty-nine, including nine children; number killed outright, eighty-three, and five who died subsequently, of their injuries, besides, sixty-three were injured in various degrees of severity, and out of the entire one hundred and fifty-nine, only eight escaped uninjured. —[The Courier and Advertiser.]

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*Worth Remem-ber-ing.*

Every little while we read of some who have died, and we shall say, "What a pity and what a loss!" We shall say, "What a pity and what a loss!" We shall say, "What a pity and what a loss!"

There is a difference between the expression of grief over the loss of a dear friend, and the expression of grief over the loss of a person whom we have not known. All the old machinery and apparatus of grief are still there, but the expression of grief over the loss of a friend is more intense, and more lasting.

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# The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.,

Friday Evening, May 25, 1857.

## BUSINESS NOTICES.

Go to Bohm & Stagg's for your fishing tackle.

Read! Read! Polk's Pages! at Anderson & McRoberts'.

Please call and settle your accounts.

Bonney & Stagg.

TOILET SOAPS.—A large and new supply at Anderson & McRoberts'.

Best Wines Lounges at 5 cents per dozen.

Anderson & McRoberts'.

J. H. & S. H. SHANKS have for sale 50 2-year old cattle, at reasonable figures.

For Pure White Lead, and Oil, very cheap—call on Anderson & McRoberts'.

To Anderson & McRoberts' for all kinds and colors of Hair-Mixed Paints.

H. T. HABIT'S pure Concentrated Potash for making Soap, at Anderson & McRoberts'.

A LARGO new supply of Machine Nodles, for all Machines, at Anderson & McRoberts'.

Best R. P. Grately Tobacco is sold at only 50 cents a pipe at Anderson & McRoberts'.

SAVE YOUR EYES. Buy a pair of Lazarus & Morris' perfected Spectacles, at E. R. Cheanell's.

PHYSICIANS' prescriptions and Pharmaceutical preparations, a specialty at E. R. Cheanell's.

ANDERSON & MCROBERTS have just received a superior lot of Pistols, Cartridges and Cutters.

If you want a good clock, you can find it at Cheanell's, at city prices. Warranted twelve months.

A HANDBOME stock of every thing in the Jewelry line, at E. R. Cheanell's, at least three times.

Curative for Rheums, Corns, Itching Nails—will cure.

ANDERSON & MCROBERTS.

Arctic Soda Water, only 5 cents a glass, at E. R. Cheanell's. Tickets for all glasses can be had at the counter for 25 cents.

Buy your Drags, Patent Medicines, Prints, White Lead, Oils, Druggist's Chemicals, Stationery, &c., at E. R. Cheanell's.

We desire to purchase 50 rearnings and 50 colves, and will pay for same in goods, cash notes, or money, as the seller may desire.

J. H. & S. H. SHANKS.

WANTED—At the Dress Making establishment of John H. Craig, 6 competent Seamstresses—also, 2 first-class Tailors in the Millinery Department, immediately.

Mrs. L. BEVELY wishes her friends and patrons to know that she keeps at all times new and fashionable Millinery Goods. Her place of business can be found by her sign "Millinery and Dress Making."

Mrs. J. H. & S. H. SHANKS desire to purchase a large sow anywhere between \$1,000 and \$10,000, payable in Cash Notes. Persons desiring to sell would find it to their interest to do so at once.

S. N. MCGILLIVRAY, the best Merchant Tailor in Central Kentucky, has on hand, and is constantly receiving a splendid stock of goods for Spring and Summer wear. He works the best material only, and always guarantees a good fit.

In Economy there is not much pleasure but just now a necessity. To this end we have just opened our new Clothing House, J. J. Winter & Co., Louisville, a man in conformity with these stringent times, have reduced their prices. All goods they sell are of their own manufacture, and cut in the prevailing style.

Go to Bohm & Stagg's for Pure Drugs, Patent Medicines, best Whiskies, Brandies and Wines for medicinal uses, Miscellaneous and School Books, Stationery of all varieties, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Thimble, Pins, Buttons, Cartridges, Powder, Shot, Caps, Fishing Tackle, Knit Sewing and Sewing Tools, Household Utensils, Household Toilet Soaps, large assortment Handkerchiefs, Ear-trunks, Combos and Brushes, Window Glass, Mirrors, Lamp and Fixtures, Picture Frames and Moldings, Filling Hat Backs, Paints and Oils of all colors and kinds. Prescriptions carefully filled at our shop, day and night.

FRANK LEISLE'S POPULAR MONTHLY—The June number of this favorite magazine contains a number of interesting and well-illustrated articles. Among the most popular are the following: "Africa Explorers and Explorations," by Alfred H. Kinney; "A Journey from Nubaria to Hayau," by Pirou; "Forest Industries," by Professor Job, in which we see and learn all about the timber of Africa; "Maple Sugar," "The Sugar Beet," "What is Life?" in which we are initiated into the workings of the inner mysteries of the Hotel World. Among the many beautiful stories found at intervals throughout the 128 pages, we find "Bond and Free," by Eli Perkins; "Markson's Home," by the author of "Helen," "Bath," "The Girl in the Moon," and numerous anecdotes, notes of travel, scientific paragraphs, short poems, etc., which complete the number. On the outer facts and figures are given, which certainly prove that Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly and Sunday Magazine are the cheapest and best in the country. The former may be had, by mail, for \$2.00, and the Sunday Magazine for \$1 per annum, by addressing Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 557 Pearl Street New York.

## LOCAL NEWS.

All remember that Anderson & McRoberts make the best Soda Water for 5 cents a glass ever made in Stanford.

SIR.—Mr. Henry Cohen, the gentlemanly proprietor of the XL Clothing Store, is confined to his room with chills and a lung affection.

Fraser.—Persons who arose with the lark yesterday morning were treated to the unusual sight, for the 24th of May, of quite a heavy frost.

MR. DEWRY WEARE, the father of Messrs. George D. and R. H. Weare is lying at the point of death. He is in the 75th year of his life.

SPECIAL TERM.—Judge Owaley will hold a special term of Court for Equity and Criminal cases in Pulaski, commencing the 2nd Monday in July.

ASSOCIATION.—Rev. J. M. Bruce, R. H. Woods and Joseph McLeary have gone as delegates to the Baptist Association which met at Elizabethtown, this week.

COOKING STOVES.—At special low prices for 30 days, to reduce our stock to make room for other goods soon to arrive.

WEHAN & EVANS.

DRESS FAUCETS of any color, quality or kind made under the sun, can be furnished without notice at the Dry Goods, Military and Dress Making Establishment of John H. Craig.

YESTERDAY was a big day with the colored population, the occasion being the Dedication of the new Lodge of the United Sisters and Brothers of Friendship. The building is most creditable to them and is quite an addition to that part of town. The garrison was closed with a grand festival.

MARRIED near Highland this week, Mr. Martin W. Cook to Miss Naury Reed.

ELEGANT Party Suits made in the latest style by Miss Belle Hughes, in the Dress-Making Establishment of John H. Craig.

A. A. WARREN again enters the field with the best Machine made, the old and well known front cut, Buckeye Reaper and Mower. Samples on hand at the D. A. Stamford, Ky.

COMING WITH MR. H. OWALEY.—We learn from him that J. H. Birnes, who has received a letter from his banker at Lexington, Miss., that Mr. R. C. Harris, Esq., was to have been married at that place on yesterday, and that he would leave at once with his bride for Kentucky.

PHARMACY.—Mr. Lorenzo Wilkinson, for a long time connected with the L. & N. R. R., has, as we are glad to know, been promoted to the position of Baggage Master.

"Fatty," as he is familiarly known, is as clever a fellow as ever, and fully deserves his new place.

NORAH SMITH.—A vote was taken last Saturday, in Danville, on the liquor question, and the result was a majority of 76 against allowing its sale within the limits of the town.

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STANFORD, K.Y.

Friday Morning, May 26, 1877.

[Written by THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.]

## TURNED ADRIFF.

BY MRS. EUPHORIA DUNLAP POTTS.

"I know you will not think me a creature of leisure," I ventured to reply to the kind look bent upon me, "I have undergone much recently and the fatigue of a long journey is not calculated to lead self-control." And as I spoke such a rush of emotion came over me that I was on the point of withdrawing when Juliet, diverting attention from my downcast face, exclaimed,

"But Guy, how in the name of all that's wonderful did you see the morning's adventure? Where were you ever known to see any thing at that hour?"

"Catch a weasel asleep!" was the mysterious reply, an expression Guy Garnet was fond of using when she had any thing to conceal. This was but one of many kept ready for emergencies.

How indeed, I thought, as we arose from the table and proceeded to the parlor, Juliet twining her arm about me and continuing to caress me after we were seated. Why did my heart go out at once to this girl and steel itself so defiantly against her younger sister? I was too inexperienced to analyze the human mind in its mysterious workings, but intuitively I was enlisted for the one and arrayed against the other.

The ladies made no attempt to pursue any feminine occupation. This day was to be given up to their guest, and on the morrow Mrs. Garnet and Guy were to accompany him so far as Fort Sumter.

We presented a gloomy circle, all wearing deep mourning; for these unknown relatives had observed all the outward forms when death tore away my last brother and cast me in their midst, homeless and desolate.

Mrs. Garnet's only brother had married my mother while I was yet an infant. He had loved her with passionate devotion, and having no child of his own, I became his the center of all his hopes and plans. I grew to womanhood under his guiding hand; and when my young and beautiful mother was taken from him, his affection for me verged upon idolatry.

I had never met my aunt, for she was taught to regard her. She had not favored my step-father's marriage with an English-woman, and there had been no intercourse between the families except a doubtful letter at intervals.

Thus I had come among the inmates at Mountain Hall, by the dying request of him who had so kindly supplied to me a father's love and care. I had no relatives in America, and he whose devoted love was to take the place of all other ties was—  
but memory could not flow in this channel.

Juliet was asking me in affectionate tones questions of my Virginia home, desiring at once when she saw how tender was the gaping wound she pressed.

Guy, regardless of others, opened the grand piano and alternately dashed off fantasies in a raving style, or caroled in a rich, pure soprano, snatches of opera. At length, banished by her mother, she romped with Brutus upon the lawn, already warmed by the sunshine and free from all traces of snow.

Myra sat quietly near Mrs. Garnet, silent but attentive to the conversation that flowed uninterruptedly upon army topics and army people. Adelaide and Juliet took part, while I listened and learned still another phase of life.

## CHAPTER IV.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when Captain Hadyn suddenly asked:

"Have not you young ladies one or two saddle horses? I should like to give my young friend here a canter through the wilderness if she is not too tired."

Gratefully accepting his proffered kindness, I yet would have declined but for an impression that he wished to see me alone.

Juliet and Adelaide arose simultaneously to order the horses; the latter nothing loth to be agreeable to the eyes of the unmarried officer. His wonderful powers of pleasing had not been lost upon either this "queenly young lady or her mother."

Juliet accompanied me to my room and assisted me to adjust my habit, and soon I was mounted upon a spirited bay horse, a gift to Adelaide from an unscrupulous tutor. As my escort vaulted into the saddle my horse sprang forward for a canter almost before I could turn from the group at the door.

"Take care!" cried Adelaide, "he has been in the stable some days."

But I was a fearless horsewoman, and had just time to hear Juliet exclaim, "Isn't she lovely?" when we dashed out of sight. I knew, or rather felt that she received no response from her companion.

When fairly outside of the broad gateway where I had met with the adventure of the morning, we pursued the government road through the

dark, dense forest, our spirited horses giving us plenty of work to guide them under the boughs.

Talking upon indifferent topics my companion was at no loss to interest me, and the rapid transit we made was inspiring me with something like actual buoyancy.

At length a small opening appeared before us looking bright in the sunshine. Checking on speed a little, Captain Hadyn said:

"This is one of the small prairies to be found occasionally in the Taduqua wilderness. And just to our right is an Indian mound."

Pausings before the smooth, regular green prairie, we wondered what relies of a prehistoric people might lie perchance beneath the surface. In this connection my companion gave me many incidents of the Indian character as observed by himself during his long sojourn among them at frontier posts.

Moving on at a gentle pace we soon found ourselves in a natural bower formed by interlaced boughs and tangled moss. Piles of dead leaves lay beneath our horses' feet, and the soft light of a curtained window seemed peacefully to settle over all.

"Helen," said he suddenly, "do you know why I brought you here?"

His tones were so earnest that I involuntarily brought my eyes full upon his, and looked without replying.

"'Oh! she hates me,'" I exclaimed, "I feel it in every fibre; and I dread the coming months under her roof."

"Not so bad as that, let us hope," he replied soothingly; "it remains with you to win her affection as do all others. You know you have the misfortune to inherit the property he expected to enjoy. Her brother's will devises every thing to you, his step-child, and after you, in case of your death while a minor, it goes to her and her children. This I believe is the wording of the will."

"Yes—he particularly desired that I should have unlimited use of his cast estate; but cut off as I am here from every avenue of either enjoyment or usefulness, I see no necessity for the ample allowance you propose to give me."

"You refer to our conversation at Warrington, I presume. That is neither here nor there; you shall be comfortable and, I trust, time will bring happiness. But to Mrs. Garnet. She is exceedingly bold, scheming and suspicious. Desirous of settling her daughter handsomely in life, and not very scrupulous as to the means. Apart from this she is a good mother, and has the business talent of a Machiavelli. Endeavor to win her regard and try to conceal the aversion you may naturally feel. This is placing a weapon of deceit in your hand, you will say; but I really believe it will be your best course, and in the end you may come to feel differently."

"I am but a poor dissembler, as you saw this morning. I regretted my unamiable roister, but that girl and I are opposite as the antipodes."

"Adelaide," continued Captain Hadyn, "is soured and morose by the loss of an early lover in a steamboat accident. I have known the family but a short time yet; the freemasonry of army life circulates domestic histories in an incredibly manner. Since the disappointment referred to she has been married, at any time, but gentlemen do not find her as agreeable, or attractive as when in the hey-day of youth. She has enough pride to treat you well, but beware of her, if she thinks she has cause to suspect you of any thing hidden."

"And yet she seems so graceful and kind towards all," I responded reluctantly.

"Alas! I know. It but mark my words. You are too confiding. You know nothing of the plotting and counterplotting of worldly people. The hickorings and jealousies of those bred to Garrison life."

"Juliet has a great deal that is admirable in her character; but she too, is worldly and is actuated by no guiding principle save a natural sense of right and wrong. With her you will doubtless spend many pleasant hours."

"I love her already," I said with assurance. "She is thoughtful for my comfort even now."

"Myra is simply as unguileless as an angel. She is subject to epilepsy, and without being an all-indebted, has the undeveloped nature of a child. With her you may enjoy the most absorbing religious devotions. She is almost a fanatic in church matters, and reads daily her books of devotion no matter what happens. Thank God for this little germ of human fidelity, or I fear you would not escape unharmed the ordeal I would so eagerly spare you."

Silently for a few moments we wandered our way along the shaded path.

"Captain Hadyn," I said at last, "as my guardian I owe you some sort of allegiance. But as a dear and valued friend I will not let you go without confiding in you to the utmost."

"No," I struggled for composure, "He was in Europe for months and we have come in response to mine. He was to finish his course at Heidelberg and then travel for some weeks. I have no means of knowing the cause of his silence, and now he does not, of course, know that my name has been changed."

Captain Hadyn's noble brow wore a look of greater perplexity than I had ever seen there.

"Did Heubert Lidle know of this

mysterious silence?" "No, I could not worry his declining days with my own forebodings."

"What were his plans with reference to your future? I regret now more than ever that I did not reach his bedside in time to hear all."

"He wished me to remain with Mrs. Garnet till I should come of age, and then marry the object of my choice. Death, you know, came suddenly at last, and he could only commit me to him who cares for the orphan."

Again I recalled the painful scene with such uncontrollable grief that my foolish companion caused me to look around me with something like a plain hat without being called hideous looking!

"How loves me to partake of the delicious fruit plucked off your trees; while in the city what fruit they get is often purchased from miles away. Some think it such hard work to milk and tend to their little gardens. If they were in a city they could buy such articles, but when they come to buying such provisions, they will find that it takes quite a sum of money—they have the money to spare. You can wear a calico frock with a tidy apron over it, and a plain hat without being called hideous looking!"

"Again I recalled the painful scene with such uncontrollable grief that my foolish companion caused me to look around me with something like a plain hat without being called hideous looking!

"Well," he said at last, resignedly, "I cannot be helped, would you aid me if I could. I regret more than ever, the necessity of leaving you. But I shall certainly exact a promise that you will regularly write to me, and confide in me. I shall endeavor to profit this income derive shelter with a husband's protection, and forget it if I can. And now let me give you some advice with reference to your new friends."

Thus speaking he turned our horses and we proceeded slowly along the path as he told me how to steer my course in future.

"It is useless for me to tell you why Mrs. Garnet cannot conceal her disappointment with reference to you—"

"'Oh! she hates me,'" I exclaimed, "I feel it in every fibre; and I dread the coming months under her roof."

"Not so bad as that, let us hope," he replied soothingly; "it remains with you to win her affection as do all others. You know you have the misfortune to inherit the property he expected to enjoy. Her brother's will devises every thing to you, his step-child, and after you, in case of your death while a minor, it goes to her and her children. This I believe is the wording of the will."

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